

# The Sketch

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1915.

SIXPENCE.



## WHO IS IT? ANYWAY, NOT MRS. PARKER!

Here is a portrait, in costume, of a "lead" in Drury Lane's new pantomime, "Puss in Boots." Much interest is being taken in the sitter. Other photographs

appear elsewhere in this Number. "Mr. Parker" we should add, is the mysterious stranger in "Who is He?" which is running at the Haymarket.

*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*



# PHRYNETTE'S. LETTERS.

THE CONGRATULATORY CLUB;  
OR, THE "PAT-EACH-OTHER" SOCIETY.

ONE of "yous" who dislikes crowds and general classifications complains gently that "one of yous" applies so much to anybody and everybody that there is a suggestion of indifference about it. Well, but I do think of you *en bloc*. You forget that I have never met any of you, except my own pre-war friends now fighting, and that, were I to see the most Apollo-like one among you, I could not, as you say in English, know him from Adam, except that Adam would not be in khaki! And there is no indifference, I assure you. We love you all.

I have something to ask you from Maid Moira; I think I have told you she is engaged in field work (not your kind of field work) on a farm where she decorates the landscape in semi-masculine costume. She wants to know where one can get reliable braces for herself and for her friend Phyllis, who is acting (good word!) as

groom or something at an Army Depot up the river. You see, she became Mistress of the Hounds to replace her daddy when he went to the war, and what she does not know about "gee-gees" is not worth knowing, so now she is breaking young horses for old Generals or something.

Anyway, as I told her, she smells of the stables. She said, "Oh, do I really?" and looked delighted. She placed her feet wide apart, dug her hands deep in her breeches pockets, whistled a martial tune, and asked abruptly, "Would it look *outré*, Phrynnette, if I were to munch a straw?"

*Drôle d'appétit*, hasn't she?

Moira does not mean shoulder-straps all in one with the jumper-frock—it's *real* men's braces she wants. I have been told, but I can't remember by whom or in what circumstances, that there was *only* one shop in the civilised world where the *only* right kind of braces could be found—black watered-silk with tricky little silvery buckles and things as we use for our suspenders. Is it in Paris or is it in London? Perhaps



"Our suspenders."

you can tell me, and also how one asks for braces. Suppose one braces up one's courage and brazenly enters a shop, does one say, "Please I want a brace of braces, or a few braces, or a pair of braces, or a bunch of braces—I want them for my brother"? It would be easier to order them by post; or has one to be fitted for them?

Black braces on a peach-colour shantung shirt will look cute—Maid Moira has taste.

One of "yous" tells me how much he prefers the "get up" of French and Belgian nurses to that of the English nurses, especially as regards the cap. Yes, I know, and I too; I think the nurses of the London Hospital and Guy's, for instance, should ask their patients to petition for a more becoming head-dress. It's not even practical, which is the only *raison d'être* of an ugly thing. A nurse's cap should cover the hair, for hygienic reasons, and also, because it's much more becoming than the stiff-starched linen cock's-comb perched aggressively on a chignon which has to submit to it. But, you know, you and I are not the only people who would like "sister" to be beautiful. In some of the Red Cross depots, where bandages, etc., are made, the uniforms of



# TO LONELY. SOLDIERS.

BY MARTHE TROLY-CURTIN.

(Author of "Phrynnette and London" and "Phrynnette Married.")

the workers, who are divided into classes, are things of beauty. Miss Hargrave Martin, who is illustrating a booklet which is to be sold for the Red Cross Funds, is making pictures of Red Cross workers at 2, Cavendish Square, and the girls look charming. Most of them are dressed in white; all of them wear wimples, like a nun's head-dress. Some wear a blue ribbon across their breasts, like an order;

they are called the "Blue Birds." Others—the "Scarlet Runners"—wear red ribbons; while those in charge are dressed in grey. Despite their cloister-like costume, they have been very gay lately.

All these girls, the workers of Queen Mary's Needlework Guild, are a clever crowd. They wrote a revue which they performed on the 16th at the small Queen's Hall. This is the fifth performance, but the first to be given in a public hall; the other four were given at the Guild. The girls wrote the revue in order to pay for the cost

of lighting in the house where they work. It was witty, and quite neatly done. Some of the girls have good voices, and are clever artists. They say on the programme that the revue, which is called "Come and See," is highly absorbing and sterilised! Note some of the names of the Sample chorus—

The Slipper,  
The Swab,  
The Respirator,  
The Mosquito Net,  
The Splint,  
The Bandage,  
and The Parcel.

Not a man was to be seen anywhere on the stage or behind. The girls did everything. Some of them played men in khaki, and looked jolly well—but they won't cut out the real thing.

Your countrywomen are very energetic. Horace Annesley Vachell, author of "The Case of Lady Camber," at the Savoy, and "Who Is He?" at the Haymarket, says one need not fear for the future of England, for one has only to look at the women to know that it will be secure.

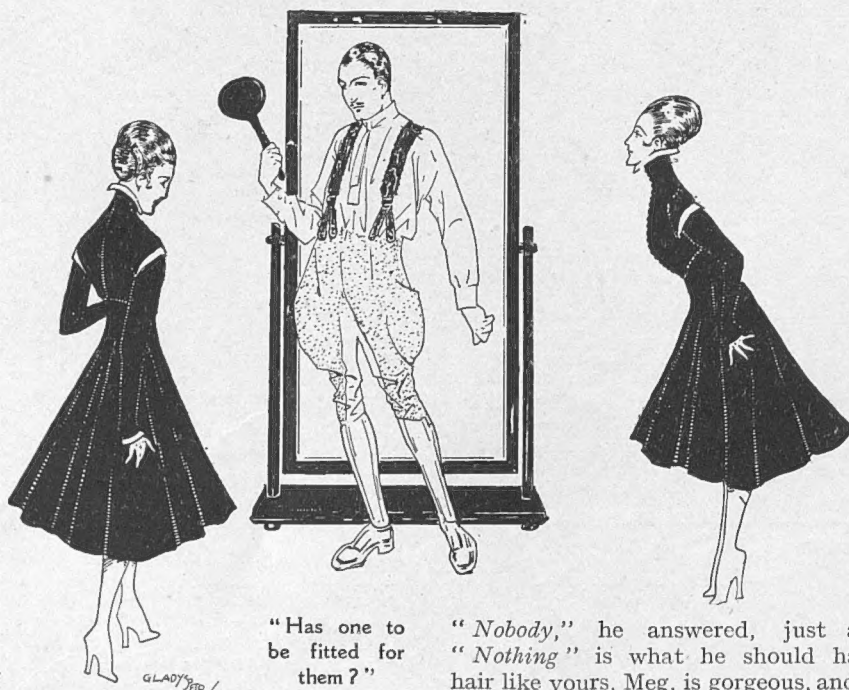
Talking of nun-like modes, I saw Lady Diana Manners wearing a veil arranged like a wimple under a Welsh hat, and she looked beautiful under it; but then, she always does, in spite of that dead white powder she uses. It looks all the more startling now that

yellowish powder is the thing. I wonder whether you know the origin of that fashion. It is due to one of "yous."

He had come back from a two months' rest in a French hospital. His pink-and-white English fiancée had made him comfortable on a sofa by the fire, with a cushion under his head and another under each arm, and she was softly reading to him in the papers about the warlike things he wanted most to forget—while he was with her.

Then suddenly she looked up and saw him staring at a little blue flame licking a lump of coal. He had not been listening. "Jack, what are you thinking about?" she asked, whereas "Who are you thinking about?" is what she meant.

"Nobody," he answered, just a shade too eagerly, whereas "Nothing" is what he should have said. "Of course, auburn hair like yours, Meg, is gorgeous, and blue eyes, and a flower-like skin



"Has one to be fitted for them?"

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"Would it look *outré*, Phrynnette, if I were to munch a straw?"



like yours, don't you know; but I have seen—well, there was a nurse in the French hospital, a little Marquise she was, with hair so black it almost looked blue in a certain light, like that smoky flame in the grate, when she bent over the bed to say '*Ça va mieux, ce matin?*'—sounds like a song, does it not?—and a complexion of the colour of fresh butter. Jolly kid, she was—er—what were you reading, Meg, about the Greek situation?"

And the next day Meg was starting the vogue for butter-colour face-powder. But he had been so inconsiderate, I think. Men should learn to lie better.

And, talking of story-telling, here is a true little anecdote that one of your titled war-workers, less prudish than most, relates with gusto. She was taking a separation allowance to a soldier's wife, and after a little chat the woman waxed confidential and said—

"You know, Ma'am, my 'ole man, 'e's not me 'usband, though we have got eleven children; but 'e's quite *platonic*." Of course, she meant honourable.

"If this is the result of higher education for the masses, let it continue," said the war-worker.

One of "yous," an officer just back from the front, a man who is a writer and a wit, said an amusing if uncharitable thing about Staff officers. Pointing to a Staff officer's red tabs, he said, "Out in France we call that their 'scarlet badge of shame.'" The boys out there seem to have a feeling of amusement about Staff men, because they are

somewhat safe and usually got in by their families. But I don't believe it, though I couldn't help smiling when I heard it. "Yous" bad, bad boys!

I wish you would not explain nor apologise for being polite. Surely, it is not such a daring deed to write to me, especially seeing that, as a Captain correspondent points out, it is I started it, I wrote to you first; and, to quote him, "though it does not call for an answer, it justifies one."

A heavy mail-bag this week. I use the word "heavy" literally, for the content is light

and jolly as ever. I don't know how you manage to be so good-humoured and amiable, far and uncomfortable as you are, when I, in the warmth of a cuddling arm-chair, am feeling as irritable and disagreeable as can be. Perhaps it is because you are far and uncomfortable that I feel ready to bark, if not to bite. I have just come back from New Year shopping, and I couldn't help thinking it's the second silly old New Year we buy little presents for you, and have to post them instead of placing them in your own hands with a nice—er—word or two. I went out with Monty; one must go out with "somebody-or-other," now that you are all away. Monty is really quite a decent sort, to speak his own parlance, but I think he should go out with a human-life-saving Champion. I got cramps in my arms, and my voice became quite hoarse trying to trick the traffic out of him. He can't see a centimetre in front of him; and dark London may be the delight of lovers, but as Monty and I are only pals, I got rather tired of rescuing him—the humour of saving gracefully has its limits. I bought books, lots of books—stimulating literature; cookery-books for women and love-poems for men—a present for the future, when war is over. They and "yous" should get on well together—by the books!

Then, to be patriotic, I insisted on carrying them all ourselves. You should have seen Monty! He looked like the book-worm that turned. For, of course, I couldn't carry any of those big books myself. I had my bag in one hand, and I had to keep the other hand free to get at my powder-puff and lip-salve and little mirror, now and then, and rearrange my whisker-curls. And Monty said, "Are you quite sure you don't want me to carry some shelves for these beastly beautiful books, or a book-case, or something?" "No," I said considerably; "this will do, thank you; though if you had your haversack—"



"Meg was starting the vogue for butter-colour face-powder."



"Feeling as irritable and disagreeable as can be."



"The Imp."

And then I bit my tongue, because I had forgotten Monty is not—can't be "one of yous": a very sore point with him.

Oh, I wish I could grow wings like Peter Pan, and fly from trench to mast, and from camp to barracks, and give you my good, very good (good is not the word!), goodest New Year wishes with my own lips. And speaking of mast, one of you sea-dogs, how say you? "salted sailors," wrote to me such a funny letter yesterday—

"We had rotten weather coming out. Two gales and a heavy blow. We rolled to such an extent that it was quite impossible to sit at the table for meals. We had dinner that night standing up, with *entrée* and joint on one plate (the soup had joined the three inches of dirty water on the deck at an early state of the proceedings). A tragic meal, but we were all nearly ill with laughing when we reached the savoury—imagine the mess (ward-room) with dirty water surging from side to side—chairs, tables, and books all careering about as we rolled, with people clutching slippery plates to their bosoms in their frantic efforts to keep an upright position. Imagine respectable officers of Marines taxi-ing across the deck from one side of the room to the other, their dinners held aloft the while, to save it from being 'strafed.'"

"If one could have filmed that dinner, people would have said that it was exaggerated."

No, cinematographic-theatre patrons never think any film exaggerated. Anyway, I hope your Christmas dinner had less courses, curses (or do I libel you?), and acrobatic feats, and I think my winged call on that frisky ship of yours would be a flying visit indeed. I have not the "foot marine," as we say in French.

P.S.—I am at the regrets I hurted your feelings in digging a poke at your verses. I did not know you were a scion of the House of Milton. But he has been dead some time, so your poetry can't prove fatal to him. It almost killed me, though, I laughed so.

P.P.S.—I have given your message to Miss Peto and the Imp. I feel rather jealous of the Imp.

P.P.S. — You must not think of it! Even if you were not "hundreds of miles from a shop," why should I feed on *marrons glacés* while other women are teaching their cooks how to make an omelette without breaking eggs (they manage it not, for it's difficult to break a life-time habit of breaking things, eggs among others!)

P. P. P. P. S. — Thank you for congratulations. Our circle seems somewhat like a mutual congratulatory club, what? So gratifying. "Yous," and Miss Peto, and "me." I send her your messages and add some of my own. She sends me yours and writes back, "I loved your Demosthenes" (though he is not particularly mine own!)—"I had to ask the curate how to dress him" (Demosthenes). Then it's your turn to write—well, we will keep what "yous" write in the secret archives of our club—until next week.

No, I could not manage to be present at the Rupert Brooke afternoon at the Lyceum Club. Mme. Vandervelde, wife of the Belgian Minister, read some of Rupert Brooke's poems. I wish I could have been there. Beautiful young geniuses and their swansongs appeal to my sentimental side, and you know, the more one schools sentiment, the more sentiment surges up. So, though they were kind enough to ask me to speak at the afternoon, I could not have. When I am nervous, my *th*'s all become *z*'s, and my hands seem to multiply, and I feel, as some of "Yous" say they feel when they write to me—the dash-it-all-out-with-it-and-then-go-and-hide sort of goose-fleshy feeling. Though why "yous" should. . . . *Pourquoi?*



"Oh, I wish I could grow wings . . . and fly from trench to mast."



## VERY PARISIAN: WINTER FASHIONS IN NEW YORK.



FIGURES THAT MIGHT BE THOUGHT TYPICAL OF THE PARIS BOULEVARDS: SOME CHARMING FASHIONS SEEN LATELY ON FIFTH AVENUE.

Good Americans, as we all know, when they die go to Paris, and Paris returns the compliment by sending to New York her daintiest fashions. The well-dressed women on Fifth Avenue look as if they had come straight from the Rue de la Paix. That this is so the above photographs, taken recently, bear irrefutable witness. The great dressmaking houses of Paris have been very active of late in New York, sending personal representatives thither to do business direct instead of through third parties—

a policy which has caused some perturbation among New York buyers in Paris. There was discontent, it may be remembered, about the trousseau for President Wilson's bride being purchased in Paris. The New York Customs officials have since arrested, on their arrival, a party of well-known women representing big Paris dressmaking firms, who had to find bail of £3000 each. But, despite it all, Paris dressmakers dominate New York.—[Photographs by Alfieri]



## U.S. À LA MODE: PARIS FASHIONS IN AMERICAN SOCIETY.



1. SEEN AT A CHARITY FASHION FÊTE IN NEW YORK: AN EVENING GOWN OF SILVER NET OVER SATIN, WITH UNUSUALLY SHORT SKIRT.

2. SHOWN IN NEW YORK BY LA GRANDE COUTURE FRANÇAISE: A DRESS IN PINK SATIN AND TULLE.

3. AT THE FIRST PARIS FASHION FÊTE IN NEW YORK FOR WAR CHARITIES: A "PANTALOON" DRESS.

4. FASHION LEADERS IN NEW YORK: MME. FERNANDEZ; AND MRS. EDNA WOOLMAN CHASE, EDITOR OF "VOGUE" (ON RIGHT).

5. PANTALETTES OF ROSE SATIN WITH A GOWN OF GOLD LACE! A PARIS "CREATION" IN NEW YORK.

Our photographs were taken on the occasion of two Paris fashion fêtes, in aid of war charities, held recently at the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York. The first fête, attended by many of the best-known and best-looking women in American Society, was held under the auspices of Miss Anne Morgan and her associates in the Vacation War-Relief Committee and Mrs. Ethelbert Nevin, Chairman of the French War Emergency Fund.

The second fête was organised by the well-known fashion paper, "Vogue," and many new gowns were shown by La Grande Couture Française (the Association of Great French dressmakers). Mme. Fernandez had brought over from Paris 100,000 dollars' worth of gowns to be sold for the benefit of a war orphanage in Paris. In Photograph No. 4 she is seen putting the finishing touches to a model.—[Photos. by Underwood and Underwood.]





"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY : GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

# MOTLEY NOTES



BY KEBLE HOWARD  
("Chicot").

## "Get Out, Old Year."

Tennyson wrote a very beautiful poem on the death of the old year. I suppose it is one of the most popular poems in the English language. Thousands of people have wept over it. Tennyson would have been hugely surprised if you had told him that a year would dawn for England which would pass away unregretted by a single soul; that a New Year's Eve would come when even his delightful poem would seem out of place.

Yet that year has come and almost gone; that New Year's Eve is almost upon us. Anybody who laments the passing of this year ought to be in an asylum—or a prison. I would cheerfully intern any man who said that he regretted the passing of 1915. It is a year, no doubt, full of splendid deeds; a year that will shine in English history; a year that has done much to raise the prestige of England in the eyes of the world. For all that, we who are living through it will be glad to see the end of it. A man may walk through a blazing furnace with a good deal of credit to himself, but he will be uncommonly glad, none the less, to get out on the other side.

We part from you, therefore, 1915, without a pang. You are a fallen foe, but we have not much respect for you. We had done nothing to you that you should have treated us in this manner. Your obsequies will be brief and informal. The cake and the wine will be limited in quantity. You will, perhaps, have a handsome tombstone, but on it will be inscribed, not your merits, but ours. Git!

## A Confession.

Let me, now that I am on the subject, make a confession. I have never been tremendously impressed by the passing of the Old Year. I have never considered it an event of supreme importance. I have never been able to discover any great romance in New Year's Eve. After all, it is a man-made event. If the year ended on Dec. 21, the shortest day, there might be something romantic in that. "After to-day," we should say, "the days will lengthen; welcome to the New Year!"

But, as it stands, the New Year is a mere matter of the calendar. It is a mere arbitrary division of time for the convenience of people who make up books and send in bills, and dull things of that sort. Where is the romance? Hundreds of years hence, when the world has learned that romance is of infinitely greater importance than business, the termination of the year will be altered. It will be, I expect, on the last day of Winter, so that the New Year may begin on the first day of Spring. Somebody will bring forward the idea in Parliament, and carry it, and get a peerage for it. Years before the Daylight Saving Bill was introduced into the House of Commons, I had originated the idea in these Notes.

Not that it matters.

## My New Year's Eve Party.

A couple of years ago, in those happy days (at which we never ceased to grumble) before the War, I gave a New Year's Eve party. I gave it, not out of respect for New Year's Eve, but because any excuse for a party had to be seized and turned to account.

The setting was helpful. I happen to possess one of those houses in the country where the oak beams are not covered up with plaster, and six or eight people can sit inside a certain fireplace. (Prospectus of usual agents.) I smothered the floor with two sacks of sawdust, cleared out everything but small tables and wooden arm-chairs,

strewn long clay pipes about the tables, pressed a friend into the service as potman, brewed a huge bowl (more than once filled) with strong and steaming punch, and then flung wide the portal.

There was one stipulation. Everybody had to "do a turn" of some sort. And they did. The evening was a complete success until we neared the fatal hour of twelve. Then a lady of Scottish descent urged us to place our glasses on the floor, stand round them in a ring, and sing "Auld Lang Syne." This, I understand, is done in Scotland with much impressiveness. The English are not good at it. We placed the glasses on the floor, stood round them, and were singing "Auld Lang Syne" when another lady, not Scottish, suddenly heard the bells of the village church. "The bells!" she cried. "The bells!"—and rushed to the window. Everybody rushed to the window—except myself. I remained to sweep up the fragments of twenty-four broken glasses and about two gallons of "Savage Club" punch.

## Time for Resolutions.

But that is a mere interlude. These happy memories of the past have nothing to do with the solemnity of the future. (A man once said to me, "I never look back." On consideration, I was not surprised.)

We have to amend the future for the sake of generations yet unborn, and one of our reformations must be the abolition of good resolutions at the New Year—so long as the year begins on Jan. 1. You cannot fix a definite date for good resolutions. A good resolution should not be the outcome of a mere official calendar. A good resolution must spring from some deeper cause. At the end of the year, you are far too busy paying the plumber, and the garage-man, and the tailor to look into your own modes of life and make good resolutions about them.

Besides, the weather is not suitable for good resolutions. As a rule, it is the worst weather of the year. Nobody wants to remodel his life in a blizzard. How desperately futile! Fancy a man making up his mind to economise in cigars or hot chestnuts on Dec. 31! He is bound to break down on Jan. 1, and nothing is more demoralising than that!



THE FIAMETTA OF "TINA," AT THE ADELPHI: MISS JESSIE FRASER—  
A NEW PORTRAIT.

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

## "OLD CHICOT'S ALMANACK." 1916.

Jan. 1.—There will be humorous references in several papers to Ford's Peace Ship.

Feb. 1.—A great European monarch will be troubled in mind.

March 1.—Certain news from the seat of War will be received in England. On being submitted to the Censor, he will refuse to pass it for publication.

March 2.—Several papers will publish unpleasant remarks about the Censor.

April 1.—Many jokes will be made by people not hitherto credited with a keen sense of humour.

June 1.—We shall hear from the following: Sir Arthur Markham, Mr. Hogge, and other retiring persons.

July 3.—A long speech, of no importance whatever, will be made, at the public expense, in the House of Commons.

Aug. 1.—The face of Europe will be changed (slightly).

Sept. 1.—A large number of partridges will die of old age.

Oct. 1.—Mr. Garvin will contribute an article of considerable importance to the *Observer*.

Nov. 1.—Nothing in particular will happen on this date, but the papers will come out as usual.

Dec. 1.—Decision in the House to grapple seriously with the War, shortly.



VANITIES OF VALDÉS: NEW YEAR PROPHECIES.



INNUMERABLE SOLDIERS FOR THE GOOD CAUSE.



STEEL HELMETS FOR EVERY MAN OF THE ALLIES



A NEW FEMININE SILHOUETTE.



TRIUMPH FOR THE ALLIES.



# SMALL TALK

THE new Lord De la Warr is a boy of fifteen. Hitherto known as Viscount Buckhurst ("Buck," for short), he comes into an estate sufficiently varied and complicated

in value to try the wit of the most learned landowner. The late Earl was a great planner in all matters regarding property, and his energies as a speculator were not always rewarded by a favourable balance-sheet. While Buckhurst passed out of his control, Bexhill grew apace under his management. One of his "recreations," according to his own confession in "Who's Who," was to act as chairman of the seaside town council; and the fact that he found it difficult to dissociate his amusements—yachting, motoring, town councils, and the like—from the business of life may in part explain his lack of success.

## Playing to Royalty.

Lady Juliet Duff did more than survive Queen Alexandra's surprise visit to her matinee in Grosvenor Square. She came out of it with flying colours. The performance was delightfully brisk, and the wounded soldiers who made up a great part of the audience led the applause with vigour. A drawing-room entertainment that has been forewarned of the presence of a Queen never goes quite so easily as one which has been

Johnson paid only flying visits to town for Christmas shopping, a process enormously complicated this year by the requirements of the convalescents' cuisine, by unaccustomed excursions into the world of medicines and surgery, and by the whole wonderful amalgamation of duty and pleasure which is part of the new scheme of things.

At Windlestone. Lady Eden, too, is busy in a much more ample meaning of the word than ever before at Windlestone Hall.

There, among Sargent drawings and the admirable water-colours of the late Sir William, she entertains her patients as if all her concern were for their comfort, her personal cares, seemingly, being laid aside. Sir William died since the beginning of the war, one of his sons is a prisoner, and another figured on the Roll of Honour. And yet cheerfulness, next to competence, is the rule at Windlestone, and certain of its convalescents tell me they are spending their time in the garden—of Eden!

## The Hobby-House.

Lady Ebury's hobby is her house, and a worthy one. She has now issued a book about it, with photographs by Alvin Langdon Coburn, the strange-hatted, pioneering American of camera fame who lives on a balcony overlooking the Thames at Hammersmith.

## WIFE OF A DISTINGUISHED SOUTH AFRICAN UNION FORCES LEADER: MRS. LUKIN.

Mrs. Lukin is the wife of that well-known soldier Brigadier-General Henry Timson Lukin, D.S.O., C.M.G., Inspector-General Permanent Force, Union of South Africa, at present Commander-in-Chief of the South African Forces now in England.

Photograph by Vandyk.

## FROM SOCIETY TO HOSPITAL WARD: LADY PHYLLIS KING.

Lady Phyllis King is the youngest of the three daughters of the Earl and Countess of Lovelace, and, in normal times, would ere this have made her curtsy at Court. Instead, Lady Phyllis has been in training for a nurse, at St. George's Military Hospital, Weybridge.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

arranged on less self-conscious lines. Managers become censors, and amateur humourists are apt to turn into tragedians when over-much thought is given to the lady who is expected to occupy a special arm-chair in the front row.

## The Haig Convention.

Lady Ripon, who sat next the Queen, is well versed in stage-craft, private and public, and had helped her daughter to make a good show in Grosvenor Square. Like her mother, Lady Juliet is a favourite at Court; she was married from Buckingham Palace during the last reign, an honour she shares with nobody except two Maids of Honour. One of these, of course, is now the wife of Sir Douglas Haig, whose fortunes as a soldier and a man have always been followed with peculiar interest by his Sovereign.

## White Chalk of Old England.

Marsh Court, the Lutyens masterpiece in chalk and flint, is again at the service of officers. This time men from overseas are being entertained, and, if cures are really hastened by environment, the beauty of their quarters and the genius of their hostess give these guests the best chance in the world. Mrs. Herbert



MOTHER OF A SON AND HEIR: THE MAHARANI OF COOCH BEHAR.

The Maharani of Cooch Behar, of whom we give a new and beautiful portrait, is the wife of one of the great Indian potentates, and daughter of the Gaekwar of Baroda. The Maharani has just given birth to a son and heir, and also has a little daughter, born last year.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE NEW VISCONTRESS: THE WIFE OF FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

The valuable and gallant services rendered by Sir John French, as Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France and Flanders, have been recognised by the King, by the conferring of a Viscounty of the United Kingdom upon him. Lady French, who now becomes a Viscountess, was, before her marriage, Miss Eleanora Selby-Lowndes, daughter of Mr. Richard Selby-Lowndes, of Elmers, Bletchley. She has two sons and a daughter.

Photograph by Lafayette.

Queer collaborators those two—young Alvin and the Baroness; but between them they have made a delightful volume. Many people must have passed the lordly gates of Moor Park, Rickmansworth, and wondered if there was any way of looking round inside (for the sake of its many associations) without the formality of introduction. The book, by the way, does not enlighten the outsider on this point, though it very much strengthens his desire to be let in, tourist-wise.

## A Dollar Christmas-Card.

Moor Park is destined to have an American mistress. (The Hon. Robert Grosvenor married Miss Florence Padelford, of Savannah, Georgia.) That, we suppose, was inevitable, considering its interest and antiquity. Thus the importation of Mr. Coburn—who, by the way, has crawled all over the sky-scrapers of New York with his black picture-box—is only one incident in the all-pervading Americanisation of older England. Lady Ebury's book arrived just at the right time; it has made the best possible Christmas-card for the many people who have a family interest in Moor Park—among them Lady Wimborne and a regiment of Grosvenors.



# WHO IS IT? A REVELATION.



THE GRAND DUCHESS OF CERULIA BEFORE AND AFTER SHE IS BEAUTIFIED: MR. GEORGE GRAVES  
IN "PUSS IN BOOTS," AT DRURY LANE.

Here we reveal the secret of our front page, showing that the mysterious "flapper" is none other than Mr. George Graves after he has been beautified, as the Grand

Duchess of Cerulia, in "Puss in Boots," at Drury Lane! The large photograph shows him, need we point out, before the beautification in question.

*Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*





# CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

FEW people are escaping "Really and Truly," the excruciating new confession-album. But it will take a little time, we imagine, before Royalty is victimised, as Royalty used to be victimised twenty-five years ago, or more. In old days it was the prerogative of any favoured Peeress's little daughter to produce her

book and ask to have it filled. Queen Alexandra did her share of confessing; and one of her answers, in particular, reminds one of a changed fashion. Against the query, "What female character do you most dislike?" she put "A fast woman." The label and the person, once quite common "in Society," have both disappeared, except for an occasional recrudescence in the police-courts.

## A Royal Grumble.

Times, and consciences, are changed. The King, when he comes to fill in the pages of "Really and Truly," will recall in vain the parental example in answers. The old forms do not apply to the present generation. Thus, in early days, King Edward, in answer to a question as to his idea of happiness, wrote "I am happiest when I can, like

Miss Turner is the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Turner, of Bentley, Suffolk. Flight-Commander Tomkinson, R.N.A.S., is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Tomkinson, of Silverton Lodge, Upper Norwood.

Photograph by Lafayette.

plain Mr. Jones, go to a race-meeting without its being chronicled in the papers next day that his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales has taken to gambling very seriously, and yesterday lost more money than ever he can afford to pay."

## The Duchess's Poet.

The Duchess of Marlborough managed her bard wonderfully well, and everybody wants another Yeats lecture. We say managed, because there is one thing, just now, that interests an Irish poet more than Irish poetry, and it is something of a triumph to keep him to his programme, or, rather, to keep him from being bored by his own restricted theme. Boredom and the Duchess, however, are seldom found together, and Mr. Yeats, having had a little chat behind the scenes, delighted his audience with a lecture full of real poetic fire.

## A Convert?

The great distractions are certain psychic adventures. They befall at all times and in all places, and even the close atmosphere of the B.M. Reading-Room, wherein everything is done by ticket and in order, does not scare them. Bloomsbury, indeed, has often been a mount of vision, metaphorically speaking, for Mr. Yeats. Even Mr. Balfour, whose logic shakes the foundations of most erratic beliefs, was awed into submission the other day when (the lecture done with), W.B.Y. returned to his pet theme in private talk with a small circle of admirers. The Right Hon. A. J. as a spiritualist is quite a new-found joy.

## The Holidays.

London, this year, is the holiday-ground favoured by the boy. There are things to be learned in town that matter much more now than ever they

did before — gun-shops to be visited with elders, and trench-stained men to jostle shoulders with and to be offered the fraternal cigarette at London Bridge and Waterloo. To the average boy a week in town, which used to be the tiresome portion of the holidays, is turning out to be a week of adventure.

## Two Etonians.

If zest for holiday means a term well spent, Prince Henry has been one of the most industrious of Etonians during the last few months; and the young Duke of Brabant, certainly, has been taking his work seriously. The Eton view is that a Belgian Prince has a rather harder time of it than the average English boy. He is prepared for longer spells of study, and altogether seems more resigned to the tedium of existence than the happy-go-lucky youth of this country. The young Duke's lot at Eton is very considerably easier

than that of the youth — son of the Dowager Duchess of Genoa—who was at Harrow when news came that he had been elected King of Spain. From that moment

everybody made a point of kicking him, for the satisfaction of boasting in after-life of having so treated the Spanish monarch. He was, as it turned out, destined to receive all the kicks and none of the halfpence, for Victor Emanuel vetoed his acceptance of the Crown.

## The Albert Hall-Mark.

At the beginning of last term Eton found itself in some doubt as to exactly the right attitude to adopt towards the Belgian boy. The rule is unalterable equality: if a boy is in Lower School he has to fag, whether he be son of a King or son of a "fancy-goods" manufacturer: and in all the stages of school life Eton has a horror of making differences. The fear of falling into snobbishness is the one form of snobbishness to which the school is prone, and a royal newcomer is expected to work his way into favour like anybody else.

## Boots Again: Licks or Kicks?

It was Lady Tankerville and her husband who fluttered the dovescotes of a few years back. She and Lord Tankerville withdrew Lord Ossulston from the school after his first term, and sent him, as plain Charles Bennet, to an establishment in

Boston, U.S.A., where, as was stated, they hoped he would learn sound, plain views of life, uncoloured by aristocratic prejudices and prides. An American paper made Lord Tankerville say that he "did not want his son to be a youngster with a title who is kow-towed to by a sycophantic crowd of pseudo and would-be aristocrats, who lick the boots of our young noblemen at school in order that they may later walk into Society under their protection." Lord Tankerville was not really responsible for those words; nor was Lady Tankerville's preference for an American school correctly represented.

## ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN G. F. DE TESSIER: MISS KATHARINE SELIGMAN.

Miss Seligman is the daughter of Lady Waldstein, wife of Sir Charles Waldstein, of Newton Hall, Cambridgeshire, and widow of the late Mr. Theodore Seligman, of New York. Captain Geoffrey Fitzherbert de Tessier is the son of Baron and Baroness de Tessier. He is in the Scots Guards, and has been wounded in the war.—[Photograph by Speaight.]

## ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT J. EVERARD STOREY: MISS OLIVE M. DAWSON.

The engagement of Miss Olive M. Dawson to Lieutenant J. Everard Storey has just been announced. Lieutenant Storey is in the Royal Flying Corps, Special Reserve.

Photograph by Lambert Weston.

## ENGAGED TO LIEUTENANT NOEL V. C. TURNER: MISS K. M. MAUGHAM.

Miss Maugham is the daughter of Mr. F. H. Maugham, K.C., of Colingham Gardens, S.W. Lieutenant Turner, City of London Yeomanry, is the son of the late Mr. T. N. Turner, J.P., of Dunstead, Langley Mill.—[Photograph by Langfier.]

ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN A. H. HOARE: MISS A. L. COLLIER. Miss Collier is the second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Collier, of 44, Wynnstey Gardens, Kensington. Captain A. H. Hoare, Loyal North Lancashire Regiment, is the youngest son of the late Mr. E. B. Hoare, of Tenchleys, Limsfield.

Photograph by Thomson.



## PLEASING THE CHILDREN: PROFESSIONALS, AND AMATEURS.



PUCK IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD," AT HAMMERSMITH:  
MISS ESME HERSEE.



GIRL BABE IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD,"  
AT THE ALDWYCH: MISS LENNIE DEANE.



WITH TOYS COLLECTED BY THEM FOR THE SICK CHILDREN IN THE ROYAL WATERLOO HOSPITAL:  
CHILDREN OF PEOPLE WELL KNOWN IN THE GREAT WORLD.

Little Miss Esmé Hersee is playing the fairy part of Puck in Mr. Mulholland's pantomime, "The Babes in the Wood," at the King's, Hammersmith. She will be recalled as Rosamond, in "Where the Rainbow Ends," two years ago, and would have been in that piece this year save for her other contract. Our photograph shows her as Ariel.—Miss Lennie Deane was Fairy Queen last year at the Aldwych, when she was ten. She is at the Aldwych again this year, as the Girl Babe in "The Babes in the Wood."—In our group of children are included the Hon. John Lytton,

younger son, and the Lady Katherine Lytton (usually called Lavinia) Lytton, younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Lytton; the Hon. Cecilia Keppel and the Hon. Derek Keppel, children of Viscount and Viscountess Bury, and grand-children of the Earl of Albemarle; the Misses Patricia and Marian Scott, daughters of Lord and Lady Herbert Scott; and Miss Joan Stevens, daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Melton Astley, who is the sister-in-law of Lord Hastings and was formerly the Hon. Mrs. Evelyn Steven.—[Photographs by Watson, Elliott and Fry, and Val l'Estrange.]





A TRIBUTE FROM AND TO SIR JOHN FRENCH: A NEW YEAR FULL OF PROMISE.

**Dogged Tenacity.** Sir John French's farewell to his army in France is a message which thrills with affectionate feeling. No Commander has ever been better served by the rank and file than Sir John French has been, and he knows it. The men like him and respect him; they know his fine military qualities just as he knows theirs. He, as well as they, has the indomitable spirit, the dogged tenacity which knows no defeat. In the most critical days of the retreat from Mons, Sir John, walking about amidst the bivouacs, looked as pleased and contented as though he had just heard that the Germans were outflanked and could not possibly continue their advance. The men looked at their leader's face and had faith that no harm could come to them when the man who led them seemed so confident. It was the dogged tenacity of the men, the feet of many of them little better than bleeding pulp in their boots, that enabled Sir John to turn so fiercely on Von Kluck in the battle of the Marne. It was the dogged tenacity of the leader that had enabled him to keep this splendid fighting spirit in his retreating troops. And writing on the very threshold of the New Year, I may be permitted to claim for the nation at large that during the past year it, too, has shown the dogged tenacity. Great Britain seems to me to-day to be much in the position of a pugilist who has taken all the punishment that has come to him from a bigger man, and who thinks he sees that his adversary is becoming winded. Germany's seconds are calling on our man to throw up the sponge, and instead of that Great Britain comes out from his corner quite ready for the next round and quite sure that as the fight continues, each round will go more and more in his favour until at last the big bully will go down and lie still while he is counted out.

**Our Share of the Luck.**

Our share of the luck has not yet come to us, but it will come before the war is over. We have accomplished much in many parts of the world, but we do not brag about it. Admiral Jellicoe showed the correspondents who visited the Grand Fleet a map on which were marked the spots where German submarines were sent to "Davy Jones's locker." The general public will probably never see that map, and only very occasionally have we been told that a German submarine was sunk at such-and-such a place, but we know that great stretches of our home seas that a year ago were infested by the German pirates are now rid of these pests, and we draw our own conclusions as to the reason of this riddance. In France and in Flanders we believe that the French and ourselves have set up a barrier that the Germans cannot break down, and though the French in Champagne, and we at Neuve Chapelle and Loos, did not do all that we set out to do, both they and we gained solid successes, and there is not a French soldier, nor a British one, that does not believe that the German line can and will be pierced by the superiority of our artillery, and by the superior valour of our infantry.

**Russia Rearmed.** Russia, we know, is at last overcoming her difficulties with respect to munitions, and the Tsar, next spring, should at last be able to lead forward his millions, all armed, his artillery having those reserves of ammunition which it will need for its tremendous clash against the German hosts. It has been said that no modern war in which Russia has engaged has been long enough to give her time to prepare, but her chance of exerting her full strength would seem to have come at last.

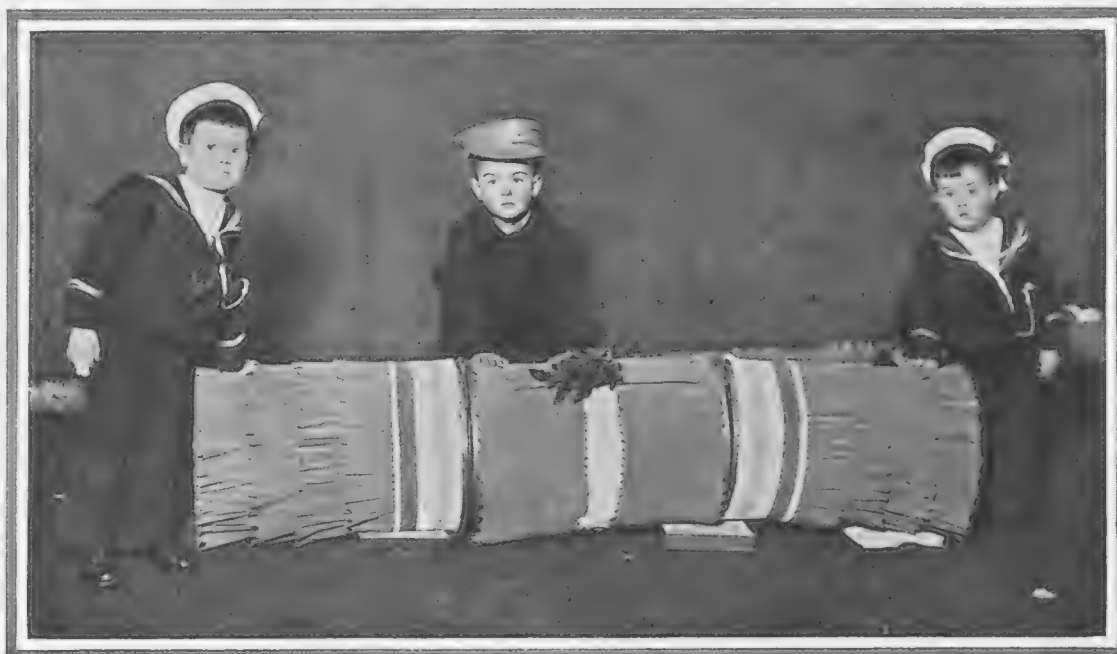
**Mesopotamia.** Because we have had one set-back on the Tigris, and General Townsend and his troops, after beating the Turks at the very gates of Bagdad, were not strong enough to follow up their victory, we should not forget what our army from India has done, and how we hold great tracts of the enemy's fertile land at the head of the Persian Gulf. The Turk has fought, and will fight again, to defend Bagdad, just as he will always fight to the bitter end to save Constantinople; but with even a fair share of luck we should be masters of Bagdad in the spring, and when the Germanised Turk has failed in his attack on Egypt, as he will surely do, we shall be near the conquest of the city on the Golden Horn.

**What We May Hope For.**

We may well hope that before the New Year has half run its course every German in Africa may be dead or a prisoner of war, for the forces that General Smith-Dorrien will have under him have been gathering now for a long while, and though the German is a strong man in the last of his African colonies, a stronger than he is coming against him. It

may very well be that from north and east and south three sledge-hammers may strike, and the slender threads of communication that Berlin has established with Constantinople snap, and the Turk may not be able to stand the hammering that old Hindenburg recommends so cheerfully should be applied to the Allies. If the old Turks, still friendly enough towards the Entente Powers, cry "Hold! Enough!" and patch up their own peace with their old friends, all the mirage of Eastern conquest that the conjurors of Berlin have called up before the eyes of the hungry peoples will vanish. And that I look upon as one of the things likely to happen in the coming year.

**Our Great Ally.** That the war should have brought us closer and closer in friendship and counsel, and on the field of battle, to our great ally, France, is one of the good things that the year now passing away has done. The spirit of France has grown with each month of the war, and her glorious spirit matches and completes our dogged tenacity. When the day of final victory comes, as I believe most firmly it will come, such a brotherhood will have grown betwixt France and ourselves that it will be difficult to believe that we have ever in past times been enemies.



WITH A GIANT CRACKER SENT BY PRINCESS MARY: YOUNGSTERS AT THE CHRISTMAS TEA-PARTY FOR CHILDREN OF SOLDIERS AND SAILORS, AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

A Christmas tea-party, given recently in the Royal Riding School at Windsor Castle for children of soldiers and sailors on active service, was attended by over a thousand children from Windsor and the district. The King provided a thirty-foot-high Christmas-tree from Windsor Great Park; and there were a number of presents sent by the Queen and others, together with a giant cracker sent by Princess Mary, and full of bon-bons for distribution.—[Photograph by Alferi.]



# "BOBBING UP" AGAIN: A CHRISTMAS STAR AT MANCHESTER.



IN "THE MILLER'S DAUGHTERS": MISS IVY SHILLING AT THE PRINCE'S, MANCHESTER.

The new musical-play, "The Miller's Daughters," is the Christmas production at the Prince's, Manchester. It will be seen in London later. Book and score are by Mr. Paul Rubens. Among those announced to be in the cast are Miss Iris Hocy,

Miss Elise Craven, Miss Maidie Hope, Miss Shilling, Mr. Mark Lester, Mr. Alfred Wellesley, and Mr. Harry Welchman. Miss Shilling will be remembered for some excellent work at the Empire.—[*Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.*]



## THE ADMIRAL'S WALK: SIR DAVID BEATTY'S GARDEN.



AT THE TOWN HOUSE OF THE LEADER OF OUR "CAT" SQUADRON: THE SUNKEN GARDEN AT ADMIRAL SIR DAVID BEATTY'S HOME, HANOVER LODGE, REGENT'S PARK.



WHERE ADMIRAL AND LADY BEATTY LIVE WHEN THEY ARE IN LONDON: HANOVER LODGE, REGENT'S PARK—THE HOUSE SEEN FROM THE GROUNDS.

In the North Sea, Sir David Beatty is, as all the world knows, at the head of the famous "Cat" Squadron, headed by the "Lion" and the "Tiger," the First Battle Cruiser Squadron of the Grand Fleet. Of his work there—Heligoland Bight battle and the battle of the Dogger are enough events to mention for the present. His town house, of which he can hardly have seen very much for some time past, is Hanover Lodge, Regent's Park, notable for—among other points of interest—its quaint and dainty sunken garden, which is shown above. In contrast to the quarter-deck

of his flag-ship, one can hardly imagine anything more restful as the scene for "the Admiral's walk." Lady Beatty, who is the daughter of Mr. Marshall Field, of Chicago, like the Admiral, has been taking her part at sea, on board Sir David's yacht, which, on the outbreak of the war, she fitted out as a Red Cross ship; herself supervising everything, and accompanying the yacht to the naval base appointed by the Admiralty. Sir David and Lady Beatty have as their country house, Brooksby Hall, Leicestershire, within reach of the best hunting country in the Shires.



MISS CLARICE MAYNE AND — SHE : AT BIRMINGHAM.



MISS CLARICE MAYNE.

IN "THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT": MISS CLARICE MAYNE AS JACK AND MISS WINIFRED DELEVANTI AS PRINCIPAL GIRL, AT THE ROYAL, BIRMINGHAM.

The Theatre Royal, Birmingham, has gone back to once-nightly for the Christmas period, and is giving a pantomime, "The House that Jack Built." Miss Clarice Mayne, so famous on the halls for her appearances, aided by "It," is Principal Boy. The Principal Girl is Miss Winifred Delevanti; and the leading comedian is Mr. Billy Merson.

Photographs by Wrather and Buys.



## CAT-ASTROPHE!



THE HOSTESS (*proud of her pet*): Are you fond of cats, Señor?

THE GUEST: Fond? Ah, Senora! I love everything beastly!

DRAWN BY S. ABBEY.



## AND WHAT'S YOUR OPINION OF HER?



SINGING "AND THAT'S MY OPINION OF YOU!" MISS RITA EVERARD IN "PEACHES," AT THE PALLADIUM

"Peaches," a capital musical-farce, was presented at the London Palladium—where there is always a first-rate programme—on Dec. 20, and won a success at once. Among the principals were Mr. Philip Braham, Mr. Ralph Lynn, Mr. Bruce Winston,

Miss Hannah Jones, Miss Gladys Miles, and Miss Rita Everard. For the Christmas holidays, the Palladium has a pantomime, "Cinderella," which is given for matinées only for six weeks. The evening variety performances will take place as usual.

*Photograph by Beaufort.*



## EVERYMAN ON NEW YEAR'S EVE.





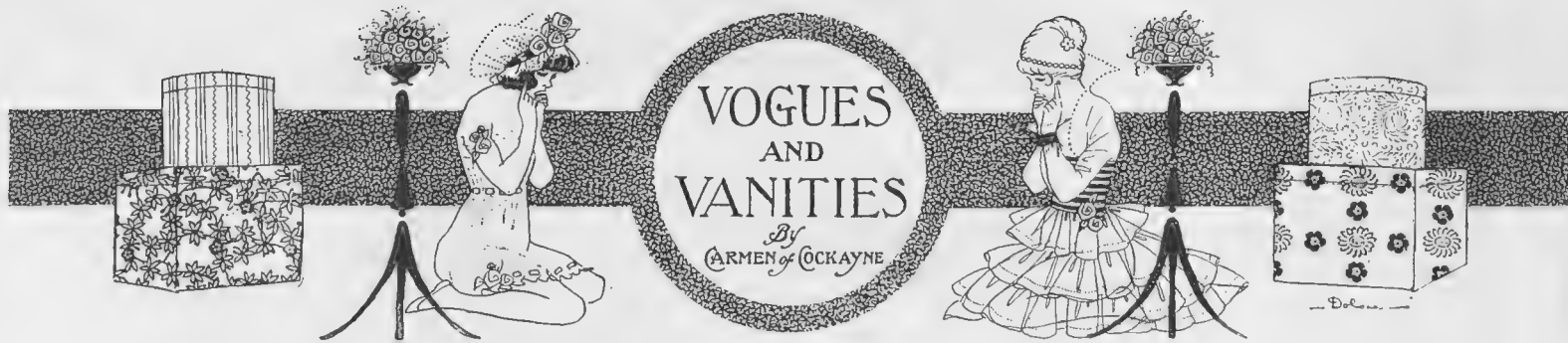
WAR THE PEACE-MAKER.



P.C. X.: No, Sir; there isn't nothing doing for us these days. W'y I've known as many as seven fights outside this 'ouse in times o' peace.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS, R.I.





### The Voice That Breathes O'er England.

There is a boom in gramophones. Belgravia and Bermondsey, the trenches and remote Tooting are all fired with one ambition—to become the possessor of a gramophone and an immense number of records. The boom is one of the minor surprises of this war of surprises. Who would have imagined that one effect of German "frightfulness" would be to stimulate interest in gramophones and raise that instrument to heights of popularity never yet achieved in its successful career? At first blush it seems rather mysterious that the European cataclysm should have helped to arouse an insatiable yearning in this direction. All sorts of explanations are hazarded. The darkened streets with their attendant tragedies is one of them. People prefer to go home early, walking confidently in the light, rather than groping a hesitating way through the Cimmerian gloom, or, as the police ironically call it, "subdued illumination," of the streets. That means that a taste for drama can only be gratified by going to a matinée. Of course, there are still evening performances, but a visit to these partakes rather too much of the nature of a desperate adventure, and is only to be attempted by those intrepid spirits who hold that to be bored is worse than to be bombed. Things are bad enough in London. In the suburbs they are worse. There the darkness is even thicker, and taxis are few and far between. Even the possession of an electric brougham is not a passport to a comfortable evening at the theatre—there is probably no driver, and the *chauffeuse* has not yet been universally adopted.

### The Consoling Gramophone.

No wonder the heart of the pleasure-seeker turns with warmth to the gramophone which will provide him with songs, grave or gay, according to his mood, and whose generosity in the matter of encores is tempered by no selfish considerations. Though kingdoms be swallowed up and countries overrun, people like to be reminded of the happy days when sixpence purchased sensations innumerable at Earl's Court, and the grounds of the Crystal Palace were accessible at will. For there is this about the right kind of gramophone; it may not be the rose, but it is very near it. If you cannot attend a musical comedy in person and listen to the song of the hour as it falls from the lips of some bright particular star, the next best thing is to shut your eyes and try to imagine—with the right kind of instrument, it is not hard—that you are listening to Mr. George Grossmith or Caruso. The gramophone boom tells of quick money-making on the part of large classes. Though we have it on no less authority than that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that

nationally we are going into the abyss of bankruptcy, there is really a good deal of money about, especially in the hands of people in whose pockets it burns. For them five and six per cent. gilt-edged securities call in vain. They prefer something that pays an immediate dividend in the form of pleasure. But whatever the reason, the fact remains that there is a brisk demand for gramophones of all kinds, from the sumptuous affair of polished mahogany or satinwood that stands, a handsome piece of furniture, in the corner of some rich man's room, to the two or three guinea talking-machine that the working-class father places on the parlour-table while the family sits round in mingled awe and ecstasy. For the gramophone is essentially—as Caesar's wife was wrongly described by the school-boy to be—all things to all men. There are gramophones which really do satisfy a musical ear trained at Covent Garden. And there are—well, other gramophones which are excellent things in their way, but demand a plentiful lack of nicety in artistic perception. For the connoisseur, however, there is but one type of instrument, and that is made by the Gramophone Company at Hayes, in Middlesex, whence also come the famous "His Master's Voice" records, in the production of which Caruso and Melba, Tetrassini and Kirkby Lunn, John McCormack and Hubert Eisdell, and every other world-famous vocalist or instrumental musician is proud to be asked to help. A luxurious "Napier" conveyed the writer to the huge factory, covering many acres, which is the British centre from which the famous gramophones and records are given to the world. Here go all the famous operatic singers, the kings and queens of musical comedy, and other celebrities, to sing into the depths of the great horn in a room bristling with sound-retaining devices. It must be rather an awesome experience for a woman used to thrilling great audiences to go through her performance in these solemn circumstances; but the "Master's Voice" records bear testimony to the fact that no thrill of emotion is left out.

### A Matter of Taste.

Popular songs, like women's clothes, go out of fashion. Standard works, of course, always have their public; but one might as well try to feel fashionable in a last year's frock as to attempt to thrill an audience with *démodé* sentiments. Since last year there has been a revolution in popular taste in this respect. Twelve months ago the song that was full of raging, tearing, if light-hearted patriotism carried all before it. This year we incline to homely sentiment, and are inflamed with a passionate desire to "keep the home fires

burning" while our men are fighting far away. Perhaps the reason is that the darkness had not so completely driven us to our own fireside as it has of late; and what is a patriotic song when the million are not there to join in the chorus?



*"The heart of the pleasure-seeker turns with warmth to the gramophone which will provide him with songs, grave or gay, and whose generosity in the matter of encores is tempered by no selfish considerations."*

"DOES HE LOOK AS FUNNY AS HIS DRAWINGS?"



"SKETCH" ARTISTS: III.—MR. LEWIS BAUMER—SURROUNDED BY HIS WORK.

As we have noted when giving portraits of other "Sketch" artists in this series, we are constantly being asked whether some particular artist of "The Sketch" looks as funny as are his drawings! We do not know quite what the inquirers mean by this question; but we presume they want to know whether a comic artist carries his calling in his face. Our curious readers can judge for themselves. Here is Mr. Lewis Baumer. Mr. Baumer, who was born in 1870, studied at University College School, at St. John's Wood Art Schools, and

at the Royal Academy Schools. He has done much excellent work in black and white, and in water-colour and pastel. He is a member of the Langham Sketch Club, the Pastel Society, the St. John's Wood Art Club, and the Arts Club. He has exhibited in colour at the Academy and at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colour. In 1896, he married Edith Margaret, daughter of Canon Henry Venn; and he has two sons and a daughter.

*Sketches by Lewis Baumer; Photograph Specially Taken for "The Sketch," by Bertram Park.*





## THE ELIXIR OF LOVE.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.

HE came into our village out of nowhere. And yet, surely, his yellow van on its high wheels was a noticeable affair enough. He cropped up first before pretty Mary Bentham as she was sitting on the stile where the path to Hadow's farm joins the main road between Minchester and Barford. Mary had been dreaming in the sunny afternoon air, and it was a shock to her, on looking up, to perceive the tall, dusty figure in its shabby frock-coat and silk hat much the worse for wear. She almost screamed, she says, and thought it was the devil.

The stranger removed his hat with a flourish, revealing a high bald forehead, in the centre of which one black lock curled downwards. He bowed fantastically, scraping his right foot back in the dust.

"Gadzooks!" he said. "Our country beauties will put to shame the roses when they come. By mine halidome, yes!"

Mary—a well-mannered girl—got off the stile and dropped a curtsy. "What be you wanting, Sir?" she said shyly.

"Nay, kneel not to me, fair maid," replied the stranger, with another flourish. "To Jove alone belongs obeisance from such beauty. But go you into the village and inform the benighted inhabitants of these parts that Professor Gabbitas, of Heliopolis, London, and the University of Nijni Novgorod has arrived to lighten their darkness, that he has established his van on the edge of the common, and that he will hold a séance at eight this evening—mesmerism, palmistry, medicine, and the knowledge of the future. All secrets revealed! You go and tell 'em."

"Be you a fortune-teller, Sir?" asked Mary.

"A professor of the occult," replied the stranger, drawing himself up to his full height. "To the vulgar, of whom I perceive you are one, a fortune—ahem!—expounder. Go and tell 'em, I say. I have love-philtres also. Tell 'em that."

He made motions of his arms as though frightening a hen. Mary fled. She said when she reached the village that there was a mad gentleman down the road, telling fortunes. That began it.

The professor held his séance in the evening. There was a crowded attendance. Framly folk love a novelty, and more especially one they can enjoy for nothing. There was no actual obligation to buy the professor's wares, even though they had heard their virtues expounded. Their mouths gaped, but not their purses. Gabbitas exerted himself in vain. His pills for purifying the blood fell flat. His exhortations to the populace to come up and have their fortunes told sank in vast abysses of shyness. Folk shook their heads over the single experiment in mesmerism he was permitted to make, and shrank away a little. At last the Professor, wiping the sweat from his forehead, told the multitude exactly what he thought of them.

"Of all the stingy devils I ever met in a long and meritorious career," he remarked, "you are the stingiest. Oh, Fortune—oh, thou lovely goddess, Star of my dreams, why did you send me to cast pearls into this pig-sty? Well hast thou placed them in a flat country, lest they run violently down a steep place and so perish. Harken, ye Gadarene swine! Many a wise man, being treated as I have been among ye, would wipe off the dust of his feet against ye. But I have pity; I have compassion. And I will remain here two days more. Not to sell ye pills for the purifying of your bucolic blood. Not to exert upon ye my mesmeric powers. But to exhibit to ye my last and rarest possession—my elixir. The elixir of love! Does any pretty maiden sigh in secret for a bachelor? Let her take some and let her give him some, and her sighs shall not be in vain. Does any manly swain—I had almost said swine—desire to adventure in the courts of Venus? Let him take some and let him give the lady some, and, gadzooks, he shall conquer! I will sell none of this to-night. There doesn't appear to be any money here. But come to me to-morrow. Come in private, ye amorous bucolics."

He disappeared into his van with the suddenness of a conjuring trick, and the crowd slowly dispersed—the female portion in the direction of its home; the male, with a shocked consciousness of wasted time, towards the "Comfortable Gill." Opinions were varied. "He be a wonderful speaker surelie," said Thomas Dodd, who had passed the age of seventy. "I be minded to try that stuff he spoke of, and see if love have passed out of the life of I. Love be a wonderful thing, and I were fair mazed with it when I were a lad."

"Be ee not too sure, Thomas," answered Peter Bromley, another elder. "Love be a mazing thing at any age. I du recall Gaffer Podder that could give you ten year in the matter of age, and he hanged hisself for love, he did: hanged hisself with his own braces

he did, surely—and all for the love of a slip of a maid of nineteen. Don't you go thinking of maids, Thomas, you that has one foot in the grave. You should be thinking of higher things than maids—and so ugly as you be, too."

"I be ugly, but I were mazing loving at one time," answered Mr. Dodd soberly. "Mayhap I could be again if all that that man says be true. I do tell ee, I do still feel a stirring within me when a pretty maid do come near. And there be a mort of pretty maids about here too. There be Mary Bentham—a rare maid surelie."

"You keep her out of your head and out of your talk," broke in Farmer Gibbings, a bull-necked man of forty, who had so far been silent. "Why, you mutton-heads, you don't believe a word that quack said, do you? You're not going to hand over your hard-earned wages to a fellow that tells lies long enough in one place to avoid being found out, and then clears off to another? Keep your money in your pocket, Thomas, and Mary's name out of your mouth."

"Why, Master Gibbings," answered Thomas, scratching his head, "might a man make so bold as to ask what Mary might be to you—seeing you be to marry Widow Sanny at the post-office, and the banns cried and all?"

"It's nothing to do with me," answered Mr. Gibbings sullenly; "I only wanted to keep you from making fools of yourselves. As for that quack, I'll have him hunted out of the village to-morrow."

In pursuance of his determination, he sauntered towards the common at about ten o'clock on the following morning. Professor Gabbitas was taking the air in his shirt-sleeves on the front steps of his van. Farmer Gibbings went to and fro before him, edging a little nearer each time, very much as a rabbit is drawn unwillingly into the jaws of a snake. His features were surly, but his manner was uncertain.

"Forsooth and strike me!" said the Professor, who was a man of strange oaths. "This bumpkin comes for my elixir."

"I don't," said Farmer Gibbings, coming to a stop before the van. "I've come to tell you I'm going to have you turned out of the village for a quack—unless you was able to prove to me that you wasn't," he added cunningly.

"The knave desires to try it for nothing," said the Professor, apparently communing with the air. "But may the fiend fry me in the fires of affection if he does it. No samples supplied," he went on, addressing the farmer with startling directness. "Buy a bottle and test it for yourself."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked Farmer Gibbings slowly, "that if I was to buy it—if I was to give it to a young maid—it'd make her feel loving towards me?"

"A large bottle might," answered the Professor. "I've known it work miracles in my time."

"None of your lip," growled the farmer. "Talk business. 'Tis this way with me. I've had the banns put up with a widow woman. 'Twas her doing, and none of mine; and I'd be glad to get out of it. But I'd go through with it if naught better offered. I meant to go through with it till I heard you. 'Tis this way, you see. There's a young and comely maiden in the village by the name of Mary Bentham. She being so young, I never thought she'd look at me. But if I was to give her that stuff of yours—maybe in a cup of tea or a mug of cider belike—"

"Gadzooks, yes," said the Professor; "the girl is yours. A large bottle, mind you—the five-shilling size. Five shillings, and the girl is yours."

Farmer Gibbings looked around him hastily.

"Give me a bottle," he said. "Here's the five bob. If she doesn't love me, I'll flay the skin off your back."

"In three days," answered the Professor, looking at him with a calculating eye, "the effect will be apparent. Here is the bottle. The contents may be given in milk, tea, beer, or any effervescing mixture. Take a dose yourself at the same time for further security. Good-morning."

"Hold on!" said Farmer Gibbings. "There's the widow, you see. Mayhap she'll kick up a dust over this. Couldn't you arrange to give her a bottle as'd make her loving towards someone else?"

"It can be done," said the Professor thoughtfully, "for a consideration."

"What consideration?" asked Farmer Gibbings sullenly.

"A sovereign," answered the Professor glibly. "Five shillings for the bottle, five for time and trouble, and ten for moral and

[Continued overleaf.]

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"The weather out here has been pretty good since I came out, with the exception of last week, when it rained very heavily for three days, and I can tell you it made no mistake about it. The trenches were very soon over the boot-top in mud and water. However, with the aid of a pair of good rubber-top boots and my 'Aquascutum,' I was able to keep perfectly dry. I cannot speak too highly of my 'Aquascutum,' as it has had many very severe tests and has always proved to be absolutely waterproof."

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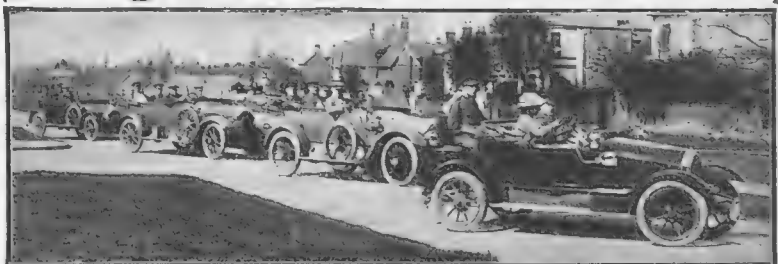


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## WOMAN'S WAYS

## THE LITERARY LOUNGER

**Amateur Finance.** By untoward circumstance, every woman is turned into an amateur financier nowadays, and chatter in drawing-rooms and ladies' clubs has a surprising amount of "market" slang in it. Yet many of us are still in the mental condition of the average working-man, to whom all these Treasury schemes are bewildering, if not incomprehensible. We are all more or less woolly lambs among the wolves of the Stock Exchange; while the Chancellor of the Exchequer retires behind a veil of technicalities—which no one seems deputed to explain—and then wonders why the uninitiated do not hasten to fill the Government coffers with their savings. The working-man is shrewd enough not to "part" unless he can get back his money when he wants it; but he does not insist on a high rate of interest. The richer the investor, the more he demands for lending his superfluity; and it is a singular fact that it is precisely the greedy ones who most often are fleeced. It is certain that if the Treasury would use plain language, and not beguile us with financial phrases, there would be such an offering up of everybody's savings as would be a triumph for the Allies in advance.

**Real Hands Across the Sea.** A prodigious amount of nonsense has been talked (usually after dinner at Anglo-American banquets) on the "hands across the sea" myth. The hands we are now clasping in earnest are not those belonging to the cosmopolitan United States, who don't care a dump about England, even when they are not actively hostile, but to Canada and Australia, South Africa and India. Nobody can but feel a thrill of pride and gratitude when he sees young Canada marching down the street, wounded Sikhs and Gurkhas driving by in motors, or the bronzed, up-standing Australasians who always look so cheerful, back from Gallipoli, having a look at "Home." These are the hands worth clasping and shaking; they will not fail us, and they are the living links which will presently forge together the most stupendous yet peaceful Empire that men and women have ever seen.

**Making Our Own Drama.** It is not surprising that playgoers prefer the lightest kind of amusement just now, for no conceivable modern drama can compare in interest with that drama which is being enacted by our soldiers, sailors, and airmen. Moreover, men returning from the front are not in a mental state to endure those fictitious "horrors" and "thrills" so dear to stalls and gallery alike in profound peace. I know strong soldier-men who frankly will not go to a play in which revolvers are fired, or even in which their emotions will be appealed to in any overwhelming manner. Neither do they want pieces about the war, and I strongly suspect the public will not want any theatrical treatment of it when peace is concluded. Yet there will be an under-current of "war" sentiment, and of "situations" arising out of the war, for many a long year to come. It has so profoundly changed our social life and smashed all our little social prejudices to bits that drama inevitably arises out of the new conditions. An aviator who has done some signal service to his country, but who is of humble origin, would easily be the protagonist of a modern play. In emotional crises, the new hero will go off to his submarine or his biplane as he used to retire to the North Pole or Central Africa. The heroine with a Past will rehabilitate herself in Belgium or Serbia. Love-affairs must—on the stage and off—for a long time to come be connected with the great world-war. We shall not be able to escape from it, though in England, owing to our incorrigible light-heartedness, we shall be less affected by its shadow than most other countries.



FUTURE OWNER OF A GREAT SERIES OF WAR-PICTURES: H.H. JAGATJIT SINGH BAHADUR, MAHARAJAH OF KAPURTHALA, G.C.S.I.; AND HIS SON.

The loyalty of the great Indian potentates has found magnificent expression in the war, and notably in the case of H.H. the Maharajah of Kapurthala. His Highness has visited the Indian troops at the front, and is doing all in his power to promote the British success. His son, who is serving on the Staff, was recently wounded, but has now returned to his duties. The Maharajah has commissioned Mr. R. Caton Woodville to paint for him a series of large pictures, illustrating the principal events of the war.

Photograph by Felix.

### Counter-Attack ; and Consolidating.

The communiqué is a barren thing, telling little, and, as often as not, meaning less than nothing to the civilian-in-the-street. That is where such books as "Between the Lines" are valuable. They "Grangerise" officialdom, widen it and make it human. "A section of advanced trench changed hands several times, finally remaining in our possession"; "... to the right a violent artillery bombardment has been in progress"; "... a mine was successfully exploded under a section of the enemy's trench"; "On the Western front there is nothing to report. All remains quiet"—such sentences fill a line or two of the newspapers; that is all. Enlarged by the voice of experience, they are—the war. A counter-attack. How small a thing it sounds. What a deal it means! "The trench by now was shattered and wrecked out of all real resemblance to a defensive work. The edge of the new attack swirled up to it, lipped over and fell bodily into it. For a bare minute the defence fought, but it was overborne and wiped out in that time. The British flung in on top of the defenders like terriers into a rat-pit, and the fighters snarled and worried and scuffled and clutched and tore at each other more like savage brutes than men. The defence was not broken or driven out—it was killed out; and lunging bayonet or smashing butt caught and finished the few that tried to struggle and claw a way out up the slippery trench-sides. Hard on the heels of the victorious attackers came a swarm of men running and staggering to the trench with piled sandbags on their shoulders."

**Artillery Support.** Here is what is meant by artillery support. "The advancing Germans reached at last the strip of ground where his shrapnel hailed and lashed, reached the strip and pushed into it—but not past it. Up to the shrapnel zone the advance could press; through, it could not. Under the shrapnel nothing could live. It swept the ground in driving gust on gust, swept and besomed it bare of life. Here and there, in ones and twos and little knots and groups, the Germans strove desperately to push on. They came as far as that deadly fire belt; and in ones and twos and little knots and groups they stayed there and died. Supports hurried up and hurled themselves in, and a spasm of fresh fury brought it; and there the hosing shrapnel met it, swept down and washed it away, and beat it out to the last spark and the last man." And this, digging a trench in the open: "The men had none of the thrill and heat of combat to help them. . . . Their business was to stand in the one spot, open and unprotected, and without hope of cover or protection for a good hour or more on end. . . . Simply they must give body and mind to the job in hand, and dig and dig and keep on digging."

### A Farm after Battle.

A farm after battle. "Such walls as were left had been buttressed out of sight by sandbags; trenches twisted about the outbuildings, burrowed under and into them, and wriggled out again through holes in the walls; a market-cart, turned upside down, and earthed over to form a bomb-store, occupied a corner of the farmyard; cover for snipers' loopholes had been constructed from ploughshares; a remaining fragment of a grain-loft had become an 'observing station'; the farm kitchen a doctor's dressing-station; the cow-house a machine-gun place; the cellar, with the stove transplanted from the kitchen, a cooking, eating, and sleeping room. . . . The field looked exactly like those pictures one sees in the magazines of a lunar landscape or the extinct volcanoes of the moon."—These but a suggestion of the true, the terribly, painfully, gloriously true pictures of life at the front which are shown in "Between the Lines." Mr. Cable's book will live long after the war is but a dulled memory.

"Between the Lines." By Boyd Cable. (Smith, Elder; 5s. net.)

ELLA HEPPWORTH DIXON.

## For Little Girls' Wear.

**MODEL FROCKS**—Nine only. French Models in net and voile, hand made, exquisitely embroidered, 22 ins. and 24 ins. long. Priced at 39/6 to 73/6. All reduced to 25/-

Cannot be sent on approval.

**PARTY FROCKS**—The remains of Girls' Evening and Party Frocks in net, Ninon, and Crêpe-de-Chine, are all offered at half-price. Cannot be sent on approval.

**OVERCOATS**—Fifteen only. Various styles and colours, all rich quality and finely tailored. Sizes, 22 ins. to 26 ins., ranging from 45/- to 71 guineas. Now reduced to half-price. Cannot be sent on approval.

**SMOCKS AND OVERALLS**—A quantity of beautifully hand smocked and embroidered Overall in white Cambric and satin-faced Drill; smocking in pale pink or saxe blue. Some are more elaborately embroidered than others, and prices vary accordingly, from 31/6 to 49/6. Sizes 18 ins to 28 ins. long. Reduced to half-price.

### JERSEY SUITS

Girls' Kilted Jersey Suits in Imitation Silk, with Jersey, Knickers, Kilt, and Cap complete, in white, ivory, grey, saxe, and cinnamon. Usual price 21/6. Reduced to 12/6.

# ROWE

## The Children's Shop

### THE ROWE WINTER SALE OF CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

commences on Monday, January 3, and ends on Saturday, January 15

No goods have been specially bought for this Sale.

The policy of this House is to use the occasion to dispose of the balance of Season Goods and make room for continuous purchases of new goods. In many cases articles are priced below cost.

This Rowe Sale marks an unusual opportunity to secure Boys' and Girls' School Outfits of Bond Street Quality, at real 'economy' prices.

Sale goods will be name-marked free of charge and delivered free, but cannot be sent on approval.



#### BOYS' SUIT BARGAINS

Youths' Trouser Suits in a fine assortment of Scotch and Irish Tweeds, some with Lounge Jackets, others with Sport Coats. For school or Holiday wear. All sizes to fit boys 10 to 16 years.

The usual price is - - 55/- to 70/- All in one lot at - - 45/-

Boys' Rugby and Sports Suits, with Knickers, in finest quality. To fit boys 8 to 14 years.

Ordinary price - - 50/- to 65/- All at one price - - 45/-

Boys' Norfolk Suits: only a limited number, splendid value. For boys 6-10. All one price, 21/-.

#### BOYS' OVERCOATS

Boys' Overcoats for 7-12 years. Neat School Greys, some with velvet collars, some wool-lined. All 45/- to 55/- Coats for 40/-.

For Boys, 13-16 years. School Greys, Scotch Tweeds, Fleeces, our own exclusive models, in 50/- to 60/- quantities, all at 42/-.

Boys' Storm Rainproofed Coats and a few Coverts suitable for Spring, several greatly reduced.

Ample turning for letting out in all cases.

Ladies are assured of the same courteous attention and consideration during sale time, as at all other times

#### GIRLS' COATS AND SKIRTS

Severely plain Tailor-made Coats and Skirts for School wear: in Tweeds and Serges, no two alike, being oddments from our regular stock. They fit girls of 8 to 16 years, and are grouped in two lots, irrespective of what they originally cost.

1st choice, 40/- 2nd choice, 20/-



#### GIRLS' OVERCOATS

All our regular goods, too miscellaneous to Catalogue, but Coats may be found suitable for any occasion. Sizes for girls of 8 to 16 years.

1st choice, 40/- 2nd choice, 20/-

#### GIRLS' FROCKS

For Afternoon or School Wear. All sizes from 25 ins. to 39 ins. In stuffs, velvets, etc., but no blue serges. To be cleared in two lots, 10/- and 20/- A few Maids' Dresses, models, etc., at 20/-

## For Little Boys' Wear:

**OVERCOATS**—An unusually large selection for boys of 2½ to 6 years, hardly two alike, but all this season's goods. Usual price 40/- to 55/- Sale price 21/- each. Others at 30/- & 40/- ea.

**SUITS**—Oddments in Serges and Art shades of Cloth. Tunic shape only. ROWE price 29/6. Sale price 15/6. A few small sizes at 10/6. Tailor-made Linen Tunic Suits, lined for boys of 2½ to 5 years. Usual price 25/- Reduced to 10/6.

**BOYS' JERSEYS**—Lightweight wool Jerseys for the house or Spring wear, turn-down collars, in Scarlet, Navy, Saxe, Brown, Cream. Usual price 6/11. Sale price 4/11. Heavy Norwegian Ski Jerseys, bright checks, and Shot effects, pull over head, 9/6 to 13/6. All offered at 7/6.

**PYJAMAS**—A few Suits in Vinyella, slightly soiled, to fit boys of 6 to 10 years. Usual price 13/6. Sale price 7/6.

**VESTS AND DRAWERS**—In pure wool, winter weight, but rather streaky in weave. Usual price, 4/11. Sale price, 3/9.

**ZEPHYR SHIRTS**—Double cuffs, excellent patterns, slightly soiled, 12½ in. to 14 in. neck. Usual price, 5/6 Sale price, 3/6.

#### FOOTWEAR

Many lines are now obtainable, and prices are rising. This opportunity may never recur. Youths' Walking Boots, sizes 6 to 10 (4 sizes) Black Box Calf, Patent Leather Brown Willow Calf, 21/- quality, now 15/6. Youths' Walking Shoes, in Patent or Willow, and Box Calf Brogues. 18/9 quality, now 16/6.

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CARPETS, PLATE, LINEN, PICTURES, PIANOS, To the Value of over £500,000.

The Contents of several large Town and Country Mansions removed for convenience of Sale.

Any article may be had separately, and if desired, can remain stored free, and payment made when delivery required, or will be packed free and delivered or shipped to any part of the world.

### 122 COMPLETE BEDROOMS.

Well-made solid bedroom suites, complete at 5 gns.; massive black and brass-mounted bedsteads, full size, complete with spring mattresses, at 25s.; very handsome design white enamel bedroom suites, at £5 17s. 6d.; four well-made large solid oak bedroom suites, at £6 15s.; four very artistic Sheraton-design inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, at £7 15s.; three artistic large bedroom suites, at £9 17s. 6d.; six very choice inlaid mahogany bedroom suites, 13 gns.; elaborate all-brass Sheraton-style bedsteads with superior spring mattresses complete, 45s.; choice Chippendale-design bedroom suites, 12 gns.; Chippendale-design bedsteads to match; Queen Anne-design solid mahogany bedroom suites, £14 14s.; all-brass full-size bedsteads, at £3 17s. 6d.; other bedroom suites in real silver ash and choicely painted satinwood; also French bedroom suites up to 300 gns.; Several fine Antique Queen Anne and other Tall-Boy Chests, gents' wardrobes, etc.

### DINING AND BILLIARD ROOMS.

Magnificent full-size BILLIARD TABLE, £45; smaller size Billiard Dining Table by Burgess, 15 gns.

Several sets of complete old English table glass, from £4 15s.; two oak American roll-top desks, at £4 7s. 6d.; Several fine quality real Indian and Turkey carpets, all sizes, from £4 17s. 6d.; real Turkey rugs, at 17s. 6d.; elegant Queen Anne-design sideboard fitted drawers, cupboards, etc., £7 15s.; set of eight Queen Anne-design dining-room chairs, comprising two large carving chairs and six smaller ditto, £8 15s.; oval extending Queen Anne-design dining table, £4 10s.; Queen Anne-design mantel mirror to match, 42s.; luxurious Chesterfield settees, £2 15s.; luxurious lounge easy chairs to match, at £1 10s.; magnificent chiming and grandfather clocks; also a quantity of very finely carved oak, Sheraton, Hepplewhite, and Adam design furniture at equally low prices.

### SEVERAL FINE-TONED PIANOS.

George Brinsmead, 27 gns.; nearly new pianoforte by Venables and Co., 14 gns.; a good-toned pianoforte in perfect condition, by John Brinsmead, 12 gns.; capital pianoforte, nearly new, by Philip Dudley 18 gns.; Collard and Collard, 14 gns.; a splendid-tone short grand, in handsome case, 25 gns.; and several others, all in excellent condition.

### DRAWING-ROOMS.

The very elegant Drawing-room Furniture in styles of Louis XIV. and Louis Seize, comprising carved and gilt settees, cabinets, tables, mirrors, etc., white enamelled and richly carved furniture, also painted satinwood and marqueterie inlaid.

Also BED and TABLE LINEN, Carpets of all makes and sizes, quite unsoiled. SILVER and SHEFFIELD PLATE, etc., etc. A magnificent 20-h.p. MINERVA MOTOR-CAR, Landulette Body, as new, £200, cost £1,200.

Also a 1914 "MITCHELL" TOURING CAR, nearly new. Great bargain. 135 Gns.

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# THE WOMAN ABOUT TOWN

## A Good Wish, A Strong Wish, And a Wish All Together.

On the verge of the New Year we are all saying nice things to each other about it. There are many people who tell us that by unanimous will-power, exercised strongly, we can compel what we want. I do not know if this is true, but I do know that if it be true we shall soon have victory, for that is the wish of many millions of people. Not victory for glory, not victory for glory, but victory for peace—which it is appropriate to wish and to pray for at this season celebrating the birth of the Prince of Peace. So let us all take a strong wish, a hard wish, and a wish all together, and send up a true prayer for Victory. May 1916 be for us what Waterloo foreshadowed for 1816—a decisive victory followed by a permanent peace. Our soldiers and sailors, munition workers, and helpers of all kinds are straining every nerve to secure it. If wishes and prayers will help, let us give them for a victorious year with all our hearts and souls!

## For Girls Going Back to School.

The way to send a girl to school happily is to give her pretty frocks—not just the common gown and ordinary hat, but things that have been fashioned with thought and care; to make young people feel well-turned-out is to back them up morally. At Elizabeth's cheery and pretty salon at 45, South Molton Street, W., this matter is made a special study, and with brilliant success. Just now there is double benefit from purchasing there, for there is a sale in progress, and these charming and distinctive dresses for young girls are being sold off at very substantial reductions indeed. Lack of space prevents much description of these frocks. One of black-and-white check silk and wool, with black, soft fabric, is most stylefully fashioned; there are sponge-cloth dresses in really charming neutral tints, brightened with cleverly applied and exclusive touches of colour in the shape of wool tapestry-printed material. If so ordinary a fabric as dark-blue serge is used (and it is used, because nowadays it is a universally worn thing), something exclusive and charming is accomplished with a bodice of printed floured in soft, bright colour. Another specialty at this establishment is one of which mothers of small boys gladly avail themselves; first suits are designed for them specially as to cut and colour quite out of the ordinary run. Little trousers of brown corduroy, with a tunic of russet-hued crash, and neat little buttons and straps of earth-brown, make a charming suit. A neat little tunic of Lincoln-green, with a tan-coloured belt and collar of velours, is what Americans would call a cunning—i.e., fascinating—little garment. Of these there is a remarkable variety, each embodying an individual colour-scheme. Absolute freedom for the little growing limbs is assured by the cut; and the little necks are round, or square, or oval, and finished with the neatest little drawn and embroidered lawn collars, so that the little garments are not only comfortable, but delightfully picturesque and pretty. Then there are afternoon frocks for adult ladies which are very up-to-date and charming. These are in satin, with net; and are black, black-and-white, and rich dark colours; and will be sold at half their original prices. Nor is the indispensable blouse forgotten. These are also to be sold quite cheaply, and are dainty, beautifully cut, and of crêpe-de-Chine, Georgette crêpe, and chiffon, in delicate shades, and delightfully trimmed with little indescribable

but most effective touches. In every way the sale at Elizabeth's is not to be missed.

## For Short Skirts.

An absolute revolution has occurred in the matter of feet since short skirts came in. They simply must be neat, and they should be smart. Those who desire to have them both should be sure to attend the sale which opens on Jan. 3 (Monday next) of Alan's shoes at 237, Regent Street. These are made on McAfee's models—more need not be said as to style and cut, effect and comfort. There are beautiful patent leather and other walking-shoes at 18s. 6d., and most attractive house shoes at 15s. 6d. These are of the very smartest, and are, of course, only sale prices. Then there are boots beautifully cut and modelled, with patent leather or calf vamps, and high cloth buttoned legs—the smartest of the smart. There are patent leather shoes with elaborate

punching and brogueing, and lizard-skin or cloth let in, which are just enchantingly neat and will be included in the sale at very material reduction in price. There is, in fact, nothing in foot-wear which cannot be had at this establishment during this forthcoming sale at prices which, considering that they are built on McAfee's models, are astonishingly low. To attend this sale is the kind of war-time economy that can be recommended on the basis of the maximum of patriotism and the absence of any sacrifice of personal appearance—to keep up which is, after all, a duty we owe to the community.

## Canada for Ever.

The other evening I was with some young Canadian soldiers—such nice, open-hearted, open-minded lads. Said I, "You boys have done magnificently by us." "By you, Sister?" said they—I was in V.A.D. uniform. "Why by you? Aren't we all British? We came to fight for our own country—don't disown us." "Disown you, boys? I should say not!" Then said they, "It is for our own country we fight." "For us women, then—take it like that." And they took it that way, and liked it. One splendid boy about nineteen had been hit in the hand and thigh, and was four months in hospital. "We laugh at queer things in hospital," said he. "There was a chap in my ward had his brain laid bare by a bullet. Not a thing could he remember but

Heaven help us!" One day his mother came to see him in hospital. She had a queer hat on—perhaps it was very stylish, but it looked queer to us in the ward. Her son looked up and saw her, and cried out 'Heaven help us!' and we all rocked with laughing." At the way he told it, I laughed too. The poor soldier boy got better, but he had practically to learn to talk all over again.

In spite of difficulties caused by the war, Messrs. Kelly's Directories, Ltd., have been as punctual as ever in producing the new 1916 edition (the 117th) of the "Post Office London Directory," which is in every way up to its usual standard of excellence. The experience of its compilation has shown that many small tradesmen have given up business, but there has been, it is mentioned, no increase in the number of bankruptcies or liquidations during the last two years. The Directory has never contained more blocks of registered trade-marks, indicating, as the Preface points out, that "the ordinary English business man has never showed more keenness about maintaining and extending his trade." In the section of classified trades in the volume there is a large number of new headings.



WINTER FASHIONS FOR LITTLE GIRLS.

On the left is a smart coat of "soldier blue" wool velours cloth, with collar and buttons of white fur, the "Cossack" cap being of the same fur. The right-hand figure wears an original suit with a little jacket of red cloth trimmed with grey squirrel-fur and fastened by a black braid motif. The skirt is made of red, grey, and black plaid.

**ELIZABETH, Ltd.,**  
45, SOUTH MOLTON ST.,  
BOND ST., W.

**SALE COMMENCES**  
**MONDAY, JAN. 3RD.**

Specialists in . .  
**CHILDREN'S SCHOOL OUTFITS,**  
**LITTLE BOYS' FIRST SUITS,**  
**LADIES' SIMPLE AND PRACTI-**  
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**Ladies' Working or Knit-**  
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# THE WHEEL AND THE WING

THE ETERNAL LIGHTING PROBLEM: MOTORISTS AND PEDESTRIANS: SELF-STARTERS AND CHAUFFEUSES.

## The New Lighting Regulations.

At last the Home Office has issued its new Order on the lighting of vehicles under the Defence of the Realm Act. It is now several months since I was assured that they were duly formulated and that their issue might be expected any moment, instead of which the darkest period of the winter has been allowed to elapse without any change in the unfortunate situation. For at this time of year, when lighting up is compulsory soon after four o'clock, the lights problem does not affect merely the night traveller, as "night" is generally understood, but encroaches on business hours, and therefore concerns a hundred cars or more for every one that is subject to restrictions when the days are longer.

## Do We Benefit?

The best thing about the new regulations is that they make it clear what districts are specially scheduled as to extreme limitations of light, and no longer leave the motorist in uncertainty as to what may be his fate in passing from one county to another. Another good proviso is that in the towns where special "dimmers" are to be used the fact will be indicated on the boundaries by distinctive signs on street-lamps. It behoves every driver, therefore, to provide himself with the means for adapting his lamps to the requirements of every locality, and to keep a keen lookout when entering large towns for warnings on the public lamps. It is also to be hoped that the local authorities will affix their notices in a way that leaves no room for doubt, inasmuch as a driver has no means of knowing exactly where the boundary-line occurs, and has the road to watch, and everything that is on it, as well as to keep his eyes aloft for possible signs.

Meanwhile, it is to be noted with regret that it will be necessary after Jan 10 to carry three separate degrees of illumination—to suit the Metropolitan Police District, certain counties outside, and a number of specially restricted areas respectively. The last-named are as follows: Bedfordshire, Cambridgeshire, Durham, Essex, Hampshire, Kent, Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Northamptonshire, Northumberland, Suffolk, Surrey, Sussex, and Yorkshire (East and North Riding). In the principal towns of these counties the lenses of the side-lamps must be fitted with opaque caps or discs perforated with six holes of the size of a sixpence. The limit of light permissible between these areas and the Metropolis itself is a 12 nominal candle-power bulb, with a strip of tissue-paper pasted over it. Until one has experimented with this it is impossible to say how it compares with the "30 yards beam" standard which is still stipulated for in the Metropolis; neither does one see what the driver is to do who is constantly passing in and out of the Metropolitan area. A paste-pot and brush, with a liberal supply of tissue-paper,

plus a pair of scissors, would seem to be essential accompaniments to nocturnal motoring henceforth.

## The Official View.

Judging by the remarks of Mr. Muskett, who prosecuted on behalf of the police at Bow Street the other day in several lights cases, it is now perfectly clear that the official view of the lights problem takes into no account the feelings or responsibilities of the driver, but places the onus entirely on the shoulders of the pedestrian. Mr. Muskett said that by the use of three lamps—one on each side and a red light at the back—"one or other was always visible to overtaking traffic," and also that "an approaching vehicle with a light on the near side could more readily be seen by a pedestrian who was about to step off the pavement." He said nothing, however, as to the chances of a driver being able or unable to see the pedestrian who did not look

where he was going. It is no consolation to the driver to be freed from responsibility, or to be absolved if the pedestrian does the wrong thing. Motorists take it for granted that the pedestrian will do the wrong thing, but are anxious to save him from the consequence by seeing him clearly themselves. And another observation of Mr. Muskett's calls for expostulatory comment. "The more general form of lighting which had been adopted," he said—"a lamp on the off-side front, and another at the back—was also satisfactory." In two minutes any evening I could convince Mr. Muskett that this is not quite so; and an example of how the method works occurred in my own case an evening or two ago. I was approaching a cross-road with great circumspection, but found myself almost into an apparently unlighted van, which was crossing from right to left,

and therefore with its near side towards me. It appeared to have no lights, but as I got by it in the rear, after narrowly avoiding a collision, I saw that it showed a side-lamp on the off-side only, and a sort of red tail-light. Neither, however, was visible to anyone approaching it at right angles towards its near side. Is this "also satisfactory"?

## More Self-Starters Wanted.

It has become painfully evident by now that the way of the woman chauffeur is to be very hard unless cars of every kind are fitted with some form or other of self-starter. Experience is accumulating to show that the task of swinging the handle of a high-compression engine is beyond the physical powers of the average woman, and employers, both private and public, are fighting shy of "chauffeuses" accordingly. Barring this one feature, there would be a great chance for womankind at the present juncture, but owners of cars without self-starters must either try to find a driver of non-military age or else take the wheel themselves.



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## THINGS NEW: AT THE THEATRES.

THE Christmas piece at the Vaudeville is really an entertainment by "The Quaints," a company similar to "The Follies"; indeed, in Mr. R. B. Salisbury, the manager of the company, one sees a strong resemblance to Mr. Lewis Sidney, including the eyebrow movements—to a mitigated degree. Also, to a limited extent, Mr. Edward Gar suggests Pélissier. There is, alas! no Gwennie Mars in the troupe—which, however, on the whole, is decidedly clever, and accomplishes a difficult task very well. The title, "The Pedlar of Dreams," refers to a timid effort to give coherence to what is described as a "Revue Fantasy"; but, whilst "The Quaints" make fun of other revues and their lack of plot, they are wise enough not to pretend to be richer than the rest in this respect. Consequently, we had a revue of what may be called the Ambassadors' Theatre type, quite jolly in the first half, but rather weak in the second, which requires strengthening by shortening. There is some pretty music by Mr. Dick Henty and others who are not named, such as the composer of "La Chanson de Florian," and it was pleasantly sung by Miss Agnes Croxton and Mr. E. Lane Mott as principals. The work contains droll items, such as "The Sterilised Fairy-Tale," and "The Musical Chairs" concerted number, and the song cleverly given by Mr. Salisbury called "Four Thousand a Year"; also, Mr. Gar gave a diverting account of the plot of the piece. Miss Peggy May dances brightly.

Plays may come and plays may go, but "Charley's Aunt" goes on for ever—apparently. Certainly the present revival suggests quite unabated popularity, for the London Opera House was crowded, and the audience obviously enjoyed the piece enormously. Mr. Percy Crawford is very droll as Lord Fancourt Babberley, and the comical Braggett of Mr. Sydney Compton has become a kind of institution; also one may add that the author's daughter, Miss Amy Brandon Thomas, acts charmingly.

Of all the Shakespearean drama, "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—despite the title—seems the best fitted for Christmastide. Critics may admire the supernaturals of "The Tempest" more than the very human, undignified fairies of the earlier play, but for the general playgoer the broad, obvious humour of the Athenian clowns makes full amends, and the history of the four lovers appeals to their sense of fun—though not to mine. Mr. F. R. Benson presents the play at the Court handsomely, with plenty of direct prettiness and

an avoidance of the originality which caused the Barker revival at the Savoy to arouse fierce discussion and even family quarrels. No gilded fairies this time, but just the kind with impossible wings to which we have been accustomed since childhood. The lovers are very well played by Miss Glossop Harris, Miss Dorothy Green, and Messrs. Rathbone and Boynton—a pity the ladies' dresses are not more strongly contrasted, for I think most of us have a difficulty in keeping clearly in our minds "who's which." The Titania of Miss Aline Henderson is quite charming, and the Oberon of Mr. Kinnell is excellent: the Puck, I think, is somewhat too boisterous. Mr. A. E. George has a wonderful ass's head for the part of Bottom the weaver; Mr. H. O. Nicholson is the best Starveling that I can recollect; and the other drolls amuse the audience greatly. Mr. Benson himself, formerly the Lysander, is a dignified Theseus; and Miss Dorothea Pidcock is a handsome, stately Hippolyta.

The mere title "The Spanish Main" thrills my old blood with thoughts of fearful deeds on sea and land, and of treasure and awful pirates; certainly, so far as looks go, the collection of cut-throats, plank-walkers, garotters, *et tutti quanti* at the Apollo is satisfactory. Mr. Caleb Porter as the Vulture is deliciously horrible to look at: I could wish that he and his friends did more and talked less. I was out for blood, and one little death at the end, with never a real fight, was disappointing. But what a fine pair the lovers! Miss Brayton, the buxom, foot-stamping Juanita, with a twist of the hips and a cheroot between her voluptuous lips—*carramba*, if I were a young pirate instead of an elderly scribe! And Mr. Asche, the Irish sea-rover—not a pirate, I think—huge, with dainty side-whiskers, a rich if chaste vocabulary, and a contempt for death that would sicken an insurance agent. Off we went to "The Island of Death"—good name that—somewhere in the Spanish Main, to get the treasure, each of us intending to kill the others in order to keep all the swag selfishly: no honour among pirates, alas!—I hate to believe that. Pirates' promises no better than the pacts of Huns! It is a jolly, rollicking play in its general lines, and just the sort of thing for schoolboys, who, however, will clamour for more fighting and more comic relief. Surely Juanita should have a saucy maid, and the Irish captain an impudent servant! *Vieux jeu* that, perhaps; but so is the piece itself. The play is handsomely mounted, with a splendid setting of the *Albatross*. Mr. Caleb Porter is thrillingly good as the Vulture, and everybody acts very well and strenuously.

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